

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

## Prizes for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

## POETRY.

## The Land of Story-Books

At evening when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
I sit at home with book and pen,  
And do not play at being king.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can  
see,  
In my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read.  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes;  
And there the river, by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in firelight camp they lay,  
And I like an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
I return across the sea,  
And to bed with book and pen,  
At my dear land of story-books.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## Booster Club—An Acrostic

Be faithful to yourself each hour,  
Or you will never have the power  
Of helping others rise and grow,  
Send out the sweetest thoughts you know.

Then they'll return and help you find  
Eternal faith and peace of mind.  
Rejoice that you can help mankind.

Cheerful you should always be,  
Lest you forget and thoughtlessly  
Make some wordy and harsh remark,  
Be filled with joy from sun to sun.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES

I wonder how many of the Wide-Awakes ever saw a fairy ring growing beneath a spruce or a pine tree on a damp or lowering day.

It was not that the night before, but they were there in a ring as perfect as a garden rose could make it, and it is not strange people who did not know the how of it thought the work was done under the supervision of a human rather than the Divine mind.

We should not have known how this happened so even into this day if Linnaeus had not inspired in men the thought that the tiniest plant is worthy the attention of the greatest philosopher. And will you believe it, some men spend a whole life-time just juggling the way so those who come after them may discover the truth.

This circle of toadstools, or mushrooms, which because in the mysterious past "A Fairy Ring," have the power to cast their spores from them on all sides where they take root. These little plants are green feeders and exhaust the soil so that from year to year they move out a little farther and farther and the "fairy ring" from year to year grows larger and larger.

They belong to a class of plants which love dampness and shade—they find no pleasure in bright sunshine. They disappear as suddenly as they come, and are food for various kinds of flies and beetles of the flesh-eating species, because these thick, leathery plants resemble meat in taste and sustaining qualities.

The "Fairy Ring" is a pretty invention of the imagination, and about

it many entertaining and harmless stories have been written for the entertainment of children.

If you have never seen one of these pretty rings under a greenwood tree, you may discover one some day beneath a tree on the lawn, and then you will realize what a wonderful little place this ring-forming toadstool is, whose rings are as perfect as if done with a compass.

## THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

—Katherine Gorman of Versailles: Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue.

—Mildred L. Anderson of Danvers: The Automobile Girls at Palm Beach.

—Agnes Brown of Yantic: Automobile Girls Along the Hudson.

—Almira Kramer of Colchester: The Meadow Brook Girls in the Hills.

—Eleanor S. Shervinsky of Norwich: Bunny Brown and Sister at Aunt Lulu's.

—Leonora M. Sullivan of Taftville: The Meadow Brook Girls on the Tennis Court.

—Angie White of Stafford Springs: Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp Hiawatha.

—Catherine Desmond of Norwich: Hickory Ridge Boy Scouts.

Winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

## LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Mildred Dunn of Norwich: I received my prize book entitled "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and I think you very much for it. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

Jessie L. Brehaut, of Red Bank, N. J.: I wish to thank you kindly for the prize book you sent me, entitled "The Scarlet Letter." I have started reading it and find it very interesting. I greatly enjoyed reading the last book you sent me entitled "The Automobile Girls at Newport."

## STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

## Lincoln's Boyhood.

Abraham Lincoln's early life was like that of nearly all who become great men—one of poverty and privation.

His father was said to have been one of the poorest men in Hardin county, Kentucky, his home (where Abraham Lincoln was born), a wretched little cabin, scarcely more than a shed, and as to education he had none; he could neither read nor write.

When seven years of age he learned to read and write, and occasionally, when the people around him would give Abraham an idea of public speaking.

His desire to learn completely absorbed him. Every book that could be found in the settlement was read by him, and he was a voracious reader of the "Lives of Washington, Franklin and Clay," with the reading of these books he was carefully stored in his memory, and all through his remarkable life when an appropriate occasion arose, he was ready to quote from them, and when but a lad he could do a man's work on a farm. He was a pleasant, cheerful boy, always sacrificing his own comfort to aid others.

MILDRED DUNN, Age 12, Norwich.

## "Thank You."

"Thank You" is rather a beautiful sentiment—if used correctly. I have spoken most frequently, perhaps, a meal time in our own home, or have passed the sum to mother, or brother, or sister, or friend, and when but a lad he could do a man's work on a farm. He was a pleasant, cheerful boy, always sacrificing his own comfort to aid others.

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Then, "Thank You" is a great sentiment. I have spoken most frequently, perhaps, a meal time in our own home, or have passed the sum to mother, or brother, or sister, or friend, and when but a lad he could do a man's work on a farm. He was a pleasant, cheerful boy, always sacrificing his own comfort to aid others.

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## My Surprise.

Monday night my sister, brother and I went to the moving pictures which were very good indeed. I arrived home about 9 o'clock and to my surprise my mother had a lovely little party for us. My aunt had come from New London and her two children, so they were just in time for a little merry-making.

To make more happy my aunt presented each of us a little gift. To me she gave a gold pendant which I always wear. My sister, brother and also to my three brothers each a silk tie and a tie clip.

We had a very good time that evening, playing all kinds of games with my cousins.

At last it was too late for children and we all went to bed. My aunt and my mother were very soon fast asleep in our little cozy beds.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 15, Stafford Springs.

## A Moonlight Auto Ride.

Just about 7:30 p. m., six girls were sitting comfortably in a Pierce-Arrow touring car ready for an evening drive, which long had been promised to us. The moon was shining brightly, and we were all very anxious to wait.

At last we were off, and my, how nice the cool evening breeze felt. Around the city we drove, and our hot cheeks, and such beautiful scenery along the way.

Our notice was first given to a pretty little farmstead, and the roadside, around the dainty windows entwined a large rose—rambler trolly, and in the little garden, where the roses grow, poppies, asters, dahlias and sweet peas. Such a cozy looking home, it surely was. The admiration of many passers-by.

Next we came to a poor little house, quite different in appearance from the one we had just seen. It was a small, one-story house, with a half-broken, the same were falling out, and no porch. The windows were boarded up, and the front lawn, if it was, it was a weed garden. It was a very old house, and it was a very old house.

Well as we rode along we passed by many interesting spots, until we arrived in Springfield.

Here we had a college ice, and after being a little refreshed from our ride, we started on our way home. Among us the two smallest girls fell asleep, and on arriving home, they were found to be very tired.

ANGIE WHITE, Age 14, Stafford Springs.

## A Dream.

Last night I was reading a book by the name of "Shakespeare" I became so interested that I staid up until 5:30 p. m., and then I went to bed. I was very tired, and I was very tired.

When I awoke, I found that I was in a very strange place. I was in a very strange place, and I was in a very strange place.

EARL WHITE, Age 11, Stafford Springs.

## Sammy's Perseverance.

Sammy, a small boy, was a little boy who lived in the city. He was a very good boy, and he was a very good boy.

One day Sammy's mother wrote a letter to his father, and she wrote a letter to his father.

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sit down and talk. I have such a lot to tell you. Do you know Mrs. Small was cleaning house? I know Mrs. Small was cleaning house.

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expense for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was destroyed by a torpedo, from either or by explosion within. Upon investigation by Captain Sigbee of the Maine, it was found that it was blown up by a mine from without, although the explosion of her own magazines a moment later caused the destruction.

MARY E. MURPHY, Age 11, Taftville.

## The Oriole Thief.

A few years ago, a girl whose name was Helen Mills, lived in Chicago. On her seventh birthday her father gave her a gold bracelet which pleased her very much, she wore it all day and when she went to bed, she put it on the window-sill. She was so happy she dreamed about it.

Early in the morning an Oriole, which was flying about the park, saw the bracelet on the window-sill. It flew up to the window, and it was so bright and pretty that it flew in, took the bracelet and carried it off.

A statue of Abraham Lincoln stood in the park near Helen's home, and the Oriole hung the bracelet on one of the statue's hands. Helen saw it and she was very angry. She went to the window, and she saw the bracelet hanging from the statue's hand. She was so angry that she went to the window, and she saw the bracelet hanging from the statue's hand.

After awhile Helen awoke. She looked out the window-sill to see if the Oriole was there and was surprised to see that it was gone. She began to cry, and went to tell her mother about it. Her mother looked over the house but could not find it.

One day Helen and her father went for a ride. They drove to the park to see the statue of Lincoln, and Helen suddenly discovered that her bracelet was hanging from the statue's hand. Her father went to tell a policeman, and he called a man and told him to get a ladder, and climb up to the statue's hand.

LEONA M. SULLIVAN, Age 11, Taftville.

## The Guinea Hens.

On my uncle's farm in South Killbuck, there are some guinea hens. They are very nice, and I like to see them. They are very nice, and I like to see them.

One day I went to the farm, and I saw the guinea hens. They were very nice, and I like to see them. They are very nice, and I like to see them.

After we had picked berries for a while we were very tired. I was very tired, and I like to see them. They are very nice, and I like to see them.

One day I went to the farm, and I saw the guinea hens. They were very nice, and I like to see them. They are very nice, and I like to see them.

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